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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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STORY OF SACRIFICE.

The judge fell into the way of watching them naturally enough. After the court adjourned in the early afternoon he always took a ride on his bicycle and never failed to visit the beautiful stretch of boulevard recently opened along the string of lakes.

They both came of good families, or at least well-to-do families, and their manner led him to think there was breeding behind them. How, then, did he come to know that they loved each other? you ask. How was it possible not to know it? He was not always past 50, and he had a good memory.

So when the judge noticed the way "he" looked at "her" and the way "she" looked at "him," and the tenderness of the young man's courtesy, the judge knew well enough how matters were.

She was a beautiful woman, not over 20, and gave one an impression of trigness and neatness. A woman would say she wore a becoming suit that fitted her. She was petite, with one of those fresh, sparkling faces so seldom seen among overworked society girls.

He was a manly chap of 22, athletic, bronzed and thoroughly "fit," as my nephew says. My nephew plays on the "varsity" football team and is authority on our family on such matters.

And they noticed the judge. After awhile he got into the way of bowing to them, although he didn't know them.

One dreamy Indian summer afternoon the judge went up among the trees on the side of the lake to a sheltered nook he knew and lay down to rest. There had been a puzzling case before him that morning and while thinking it over he must have fallen asleep.

He was suddenly aware that just outside his shelter a man and woman were talking. He knew not what to do. He soon discovered that they were "his lovers," as he called them, and they were discussing some unhappy circumstance regarding their affection. What could he do? There was no way out except past them. Would it be better to come out and solet them know he had heard their talk, or would it not be more delicate to remain till they had gone, not listening, and they would never know any one had overheard them? He decided on the latter alternative and remained perfectly quiet.

But, try as he would, it was impossible not to hear their whole conversation.

"But what difference does that make?" asked the young man. You know perfectly well, Alice, that if it were a thousand times worse—that if it were you yourself—I would marry you."

"Oh, but think of it, Ned. Think what your friends would say! Ned Grant married the daughter of an embezzler serving his time in jail."

The judge couldn't help wondering if this were the son of Grant on the supreme bench, whom he had never met, although he knew his father intimately. The girl's gentle voice broke as she said this, and Ned cried:

"Oh, Alice, I wish you wouldn't think of that! It just breaks me up to see you cry, you know."

Then followed a silence during which Alice must have been in some way comforted, for she said in a steady voice:

"No, my dear boy. I have been very weak to see you so often and have these rides. I should have refused and tried to forget you. But, Ned, I could not. I can't think of anything but you—and I do love you so!"

More silence, then:

"And, Ned, this really must be the last. I can't marry you. No, dear, please don't go all over it again. I know that it would be a great wrong to you to say yes. It would always be a hindrance to you. We would have no friends, and a young lawyer must have friends. Who would come to your house if they knew your wife was the daughter of Rand the embezzler?" That was where the judge almost discovered himself.

He sentenced Rand to 20 years' hard labor, and he had still 15 years to serve. It was a queer case and not quite clear. So this

was the motherless girl he had heard so much about.

"Now, see here, Alice," the young man said, "you know it takes two to make a quarrel, and it takes two to make a separation. So while you may think it best not to see me again I shall not give you up, and I shall see you every opportunity I can so long as it doesn't bother you. Dad knows all about it, and he's with me."

The judge wanted to shout "Good for dad!" but he didn't.

Then they got up to go, and after another longer silence they left him alone. He knew all about the trouble, and pretty mean he felt about it too. As he rode slowly home he turned the little tragedy over and over in his mind, and the more he thought about it the more he felt that he had made a mistake by staying and listening. At last he evolved a plan calculated to ease his own conscience and give the young man some courage. So the judge sent him this letter:

MR. EDWIN GRANT.—I had the misfortune to overhear part of your conversation with Miss Rand to-day, although in quite an accidental manner. If, as I surmise, you are the son of Grant of the supreme, you are made of the right sort of stuff to regard Miss Rand's views as only a temporary obstacle to your happiness. I sentenced Rand, and if you care to call on me I should be glad to see you. Perhaps we may think of some arguments to make Miss Rand look at the case differently. At any rate, I agree with his honor, your father, and am also "with you."

Yours,
ROBERT STORROW.

The next day the judge was obliged to go to a distant city to act as referee in a case.

The Rand case was almost purely a circumstantial one, and hung on the handwriting in which the false entries had been made in the books. The handwriting experts all agreed that the entries had been made by Rand. Indeed the prisoner admitted as much. He had pleaded "not guilty," and when he admitted the identity of the handwriting there was little left to do for him. His counsel was completely baffled by the admission, and Rand refused to explain it in any way. Try as he would the lawyer could elicit nothing further, and the jury had to bring in a verdict of guilty.

It could never be found how Rand had disposed of the sum he embezzled. In fact, not a penny of the missing money was ever found, and the bank charged it to profit and loss.

Hooper, the president of the bank, was in constant attendance at the trial and expressed great sorrow for Rand. Shortly after the sentence Hooper left the bank and went to another city, where he engaged in a private banking and brokerage business. It was in this city that Judge Storrow was now sitting.

One night at the club the conversation drifted round to money and banking. The judge made the remark that he wished to procure a letter of credit for his niece, who was going abroad, and some one suggested Hooper's house as the best place to get it.

"By the way," said his adviser, "you sentenced the cashier of the bank of which Hooper used to be president, didn't you?" The judge said he did.

"Well," continued the man, "that's the way some men treat those who have been kind to them. My wife grew up in the village where Hooper and Rand were boys together. Rand was not in very good circumstances, while Hooper had plenty of money."

"At that time Hooper was quietly buying up a great deal of land through which he knew a railroad was projected. He let Rand in on the ground floor, lent him money and then, when they realized, collected Rand's notes, and in this way they both made money, and Rand's share was a moderate fortune to a man in his circumstances. It was not many years before Rand had lost his money in foolish investments. Then Hooper got him the position of cashier in the bank where he was president. It seems pretty tough for Rand to have stolen all that money. The directors asked Hooper for his resignation, of course, and he was obliged to come here and start a fresh."

Now, this was a part of the story that the judge had never heard before. It little agreed with his personal impressions, which, of course, had nothing to do with the "law and

evidence." He had an idea that Rand was not that sort of man, and curiously enough, he had acquired an antipathy for Hooper.

That night he woke thinking of the case. Gradually he found himself forced to a conclusion for which there was little reason—he somehow thought that Hooper was the guilty man and Rand the innocent. He had known a few similar cases of quixotic gratitude.

The next day he called at the banking house of Hooper & Co. As he was leaving he met Hooper face to face. The man went white and staggered against the door jamb as if he had been struck.

"Why—how d'y'e do? Why—I didn't expect to see you," he stammered. "Anything we can do for you?"

The judge looked him square in the eye and said, "No, Mr. Hooper, nothing you can do, unless—but never mind now." And he gave him a peculiar look under which Hooper quailed.

The judge had not gone two blocks before one of the clerks came rushing after him, and Mr. Hooper wanted him to come back. He found Hooper striding the floor and mumbling to himself.

"My God, do you know?" he cried.

"I know you are a scoundrel," the judge replied, surprised out of his self control.

"I did it, judge; I did it."

"I know it," calmly replied the judge.

"I came to this city because I couldn't stand meeting you, and I have never had a happy or an easy moment since. I've lived in constant fear of apprehension."

The judge looked at him and could scarce restrain his contempt and indignation.

Stepping back he turned the key in the lock and put it into his pocket. Then he went to the telephone and told police headquarters who he was and asked them to send him an inspector at the banking office.

"Now," he said, "before either of us leaves this room you are going to write the whole story. You will sign it in the presence of witnesses, and inside of two weeks Rand will be a free man. You will not be arrested at once, but for two weeks, for my own reasons, you will continue to conduct your business, and a headquarters man will be always with you. You can explain his presence in any way that you like. Now, sit down and write."

Hooper shrank from the task, but the judge insisted. When he had finished and was ready to sign, there came a tap at the door, and a stranger was ushered in. He looked the door after him and the judge had a low conversation with him. The confession was duly signed and witnessed.

It set forth Hooper's necessity to obtain funds further than those available and how he had taken from time to time, showing Rand fictitious notes, so that Rand had every reason to suppose the bank was making loans. In short, he had made the entries in perfect good faith, and then when the stealing was made known he had kept silent, remembering all the benefits received. It was of course a questionable thing for him to do, considering his family. But there was no doubting the nobility of the man's character.

That night the judge started for home having disposed of the case. There the next day he laid the case before the governor and his lawyer who took the preliminary steps to release Rand.

That evening Ned Grant called, saying he had failed to find the judge at home on previous evenings. He knew enough of the law to appreciate some things the judge told him.

"Now," said the judge, "this tangled case can be straightened out. You bring Alice here two weeks from to-night, and I'll try to change her views."

At last the night came. The judge was decidedly nervous. The bell rang, and in came Ned and Alice. He had told her about the judge, and she blushed prettily when he was introduced.

After he had explained at some length that his eavesdropping was quite accidental he began to argue again with her on the matter. She took the same high ground as before

—that it was doing Ned a wrong. And she had a pretty good case too. At last he said:

"So there is no way of turning you? You would marry if your father were not in prison for embezzlement?"

She nodded, and the judge silently handed her a long typewritten document. It was the witnessed confession. Rand had been living quietly with the judge for the last few days and knew the whole story.

Ned stood near carefully watching her, and as the door opened noiselessly he saw John Rand waiting for his daughter to look up and see him.

She read it through without looking up. Then as she lay back in her chair she caught his eye and ran to him with a cry of "Father! Father!"

Hooper is still serving his time.
—Chicago Record.

WINTERING IN FLORIDA.

The sunny land of flowers and sunshine, where we have been spending the winter, is the most beautiful country I have ever seen in my life. With pine forests showing up richly, with the big trees for lumber surrounding the numerous lakes and hammocks, and makes them more beautiful to the view, as the combination of rich soil, useful woods and beautiful waters, make the land a fit abiding place for man. Orange, grape-fruit, and lemon trees, are raised in great abundance. Live oak-trees with thick foliage of leaves, honey-suckle, palm-plants, magnolia and pine trees, remain green all the winter. Wild jessamine grows everywhere in winter, blooms most of the time and smells very sweetly. There is an abundance of beautiful birds of many different colors down here, and also of pretty butterflies. Plenty of a wild game for hunting, wild hog-hunting, and so on. Here we have had plenty of amusements, going hunting, fishing, boating, driving and riding.

Many people go gunning and return with quite a load of a wild game, as pigeons, quails, and rabbits. A party of us numbering nine camped out, some time ago, on Lake Bryan for a few days. We had great sport fishing, boating and hunting, and had quite a jolly time. One of the party, Mr. Wallace, the Justice of Peace, caught one hundred pounds of fish from that lake. Lake Bryan, I think, is the most desirable water for fishing. We had a wagon party and drove forty miles in procession, and we were very much sunburnt, when we reached home, looking almost like the gypsies. We have visited a lot of pretty places, and at one place called Ocala, which is a small city. I met Hon. Robert Bullock, county judge of Ocala, who is well acquainted with the manual alphabet. I had a pleasant chat with him for a little while. I am told that a number of deaf-mutes are in Ocala. I also met Mr. Flanders, who told me that he has a deaf-mute cousin, teaching at the deaf-mute school at Flint, Michigan. Mr. Flanders lives in Candler, and can talk with his fingers.

E. J. SHIELDS.

Formed by an Earthquake.

Reelfoot Lake is the largest body of water in the state, and it was formed by an earthquake in 1811. People who do not live in this section imagine it but a pleasure resort for fishing and hunting parties and do not know that from its waters at least 1,000 people gain a livelihood.

There are two wholesale fish houses here and several at Hickman, Ky., that have wagons constantly on the road bringing thousands of pounds of fish daily for shipment. There are 1,500 nets in Reelfoot, worked by some 500 people. Taking all that are connected, directly and indirectly, with the fishing and hunting, at least 1,000 people earn a living from the lake.
—Nashville Banner.

Andrew Carnegie has given away over \$9,000,000 for building and maintaining libraries, his benefactions numbering fifty-two.

FANWOOD.

A Paragraph All About the Weather.

MR. GARDNER LECTURES.

News Items of the Past Week in Brief.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

We thought winter was over, but we were mistaken. The warm spring-like weather we have been enjoying skipped off suddenly, leaving its place to be filled by winter again. Wednesday was quite pleasant, but Thursday when we rose and went out early for a game of ball, we found the weather anything but conducive to baseball. Snow began falling and continued steadily through the day. Rain, hail and sleet alternately added the spice of variety in the evening. March is capricious, so we refrained from calling the weather remarkable. Friday morning it cleared up. When the sun peeped from behind the clouds the scene disclosed was splendid. The branches of the trees all covered with ice, glittered in the morning sunlight like diamonds. A crust of ice, nearly an inch thick had formed on the snow, reflecting the light in a way that was painful to the eyes. The crust was strong enough to bear the weight of the youngsters, and soon a goodly number were having rare sport sliding over the smooth surface. What a pity snowshoes and skis are unknown at Fanwood, or there would be rarer sport.

The slope of the parade ground presented a lively appearance, where a number of boys with their sleds had congregated. Sometimes it looked as if a coaster would come in contact with the academical building and make a dent in it, but so skillfully were the sleds managed, that no accidents worth mentioning happened.

Cadets Fred Nimmo and Alfred Stern, were such a heavy load, that their sled broke through the crust of ice, half way down on their course. The sled stopped. The occupants kept on, till the academical building rudely arrested their progress. They are now nursing a couple of bruises and scratches where their too tender flesh came in contact with the jagged ice. Saturday afternoon the girls enjoyed coasting on the parade ground. Some sweet little cherub must be watching over them. They know nothing of managing sleds, but came out with no accidents. All they do is sit on the sled and trust to luck to stop them when their noses are within half an inch of the academical building.

Mr. Gardner's lecture before the Fanwood Literary Association, Saturday evening, was very interesting. His subject was "The Evolution of a Palace." Starting with a description of a palace, he illustrated its growth. Climatic conditions were such that the first man slept in the open. As man increased, and spread over the earth, the changes in the climate rendered some shelter necessary; caves, holes dug in hillsides, rude huts made of branches, to which additions were made as families grew larger. Then instead of having a one-story structure spread out over several acres, some one conceived the idea of building a house upon a house. Emerging from semi-barbarism into civilization, the influence of the beautiful asserted itself. The interior and exterior of buildings began to have some architectural beauty, and nowadays we have many beautiful buildings, and architecture is making rapid advances. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Gardner at the close of the lecture.

March 17th was St. Patrick's day, and a holiday here, because it fell on Saturday. The wearers of the green were not very numerous. The uniform does not allow five-inch green collars. We have no use for huge green neckties, or any of the gew-gaws that the boys de-

lighted in decorating themselves with before the uniform was introduced. All Irishmen are patriotic as the war in the Transvaal shows. Our uniform is also patriotic, so we need not paste green paper all over it to show our patriotism.

Sunday was visiting Sunday, and in spite of the unpleasantness of travel, a great many relatives and friends of the pupils were here to see them.

Sunday morning, at 6 o'clock, a column of smoke rising some distance south of the Institution, showed that there was a large fire. Some of the boys thought it was quite near, but it proved to be a mile off. A large paper box factory on Amsterdam Avenue was destroyed.

Mr. William H. Van Tassel and his brother, Wesley, attended the drill and games of the Twenty-second Regiment, Saturday evening.

Mr. Eugene Delano has been appointed a member of the Board of Directors of the Institution. Wednesday morning when he made the tour of the buildings with Principal Currier, he was welcomed by all the pupils.

Prof. Thomas F. Fox went to Washington, D. C., Friday, and lectured at the college in the evening. He returned Sunday night. His trip to Washington was very much enjoyed, as he met numerous old friends.

Mr. Charles D. Oakes was here Monday, disposing of a stock of pamphlets, to aid the Gallaudet Home.

Mrs. Julia P. Hotchkiss, our teacher of the cooking classes, or microbe of dyspepsia, as some one dubbed her, is the mother of Major Walter B. Hotchkiss, prominent in military circles and one of the most efficient officers in the national guard. He was appointed Major of the 23d Infantry, N. G. N. Y., just before the war with Spain, and went with that regiment to Camp Black. Such was his knowledge of outpost duty and all other military matters, that he was frequently officer of the day, and won favor and distinction. From Camp Black his battalion was sent to Fort Schuyler, where for the greater part of the time, he was in command of the post. The regiment was concentrated at Fort Schuyler and soon after mustered out of the United States service. Not content, he obtained leave of absence from his regiment and enlisted in the 12th Regiment, as captain. The regiment sailed for Cuba, where for some time it was part of the occupation army, and he served with the 12th till it was mustered out.

Major Hotchkiss is a very popular man. He is president of the Athletic Association of the 23d Regiment, and the games of last Saturday, which were the most successful in the history of the regiment, were due to his wise management. He is a member of the Society of Foreign Wars, the Sons of the Revolution, Colonial Club, Army and Navy Club, and a host of minor military organizations.

Solid Gold Guns.

The most curious offer the Queen of England ever received from any of her foreign friends and subjects is that of His Highness the Gaikwar of Baroda, who has placed at the disposal of the British, for use in the Transvaal, his most treasured possession, the famous golden guns.

The guns are in reality one of the world's curiosities, for they are the only solid gold guns in existence. They are the product of a native blacksmith's skill and labor, and were made in 1874, the time consumed in the work being no less than five years. Each gun weighs 460 pounds and is made of pure gold, with the exception of the inner coat, which is of silver. The design of the guns is most novel, and the carriages are made of expensive wood, cunningly inlaid with silver and carved by the skillful workmen of Baroda in their characteristic style.

It is not in the guns alone, however, that the Hindu potentate has shown his taste for expensive ornamentation. The entire outfit is on a sumptuous scale, the carriages being drawn by the finest bullocks that the Maharajah's territory pro-

duces, and the trappings of the animals are of the most splendid order.

The guns are seldom allowed to be taken far from the Maharajah's palace. They are guarded day and night by picked men of the royal body guard—a splendid corps; equipped after the European manner and officered chiefly by white men. They wear a uniform very much like that of the Austrian Hussars, are 150 strong and are mounted on the finest cavalry chargers in the Indian Empire. Only one occasion is recorded where the Maharajah allowed the guns to be taken from the Mazadagh Palace, at Baroda, where they are kept. This was when His Highness visited Bombay to meet the Prince of Wales. Then the guns accompanied him, as being the most remarkable possession of the State of Baroda, apart from the Maharajah himself, and it is due to the latter's judgment to say that they attracted far more notice from the royal English visitors than anything belonging to the Gaikwar's train.

Besides the golden guns, the Maharajah owns a pair of silver guns of the same style as the others, but smaller, weighing 320 pounds each. The limbers and carriages of these guns are brass-covered, and when this metal is polished it is just as much a sight to see as the gold guns.

COOL.

How the coolness of one man sometimes acts on his companions, seemingly depriving them of fear, is shown in a story that belongs to the war in Syria and the British attack on Sidon.

During that attack, says the *Argonaut*, the British troops had to advance across a long, unprotected bridge, in the face of a battery of six guns, which completely commanded the approach. The men were unwilling to expose themselves to certain death till one soldier, Cummings by name, a man in faultless uniform, stepped forward to the middle of the bridge.

The bridge was immediately swept by the fire of the battery. When the smoke cleared away, Cummings was seen standing uninjured, carefully brushing the dust from his boots, after which he adjusted a single glass in his eye, and looked back at the men. This was too much. They took the bridge and the battery with a whoop.

Caught the Czar.

Peter the Great was once very nearly caught in a trap by a jester attached to the court. The jester was noted for his cleverness in getting himself and his friends out of difficulties. It happened one day that a cousin of his had incurred the czar's displeasure and was about to be executed. The latter therefore presented himself before his imperial majesty to beg for a reprieve. On seeing him approach, the czar, divining his errand, cried: "It is no good to come here. I swear I will not grant what you are going to ask."

Immediately the jester went down on his knees saying, "I beseech your imperial highness to put that scamp cousin of mine to death."

The czar, thus caught in his own trap, could only laugh and pardon the condemned man.—*Columbian*.

COWS WEAR SPECTACLES.

Cattle with spectacles are to be seen on the Russian steppes. The steppes are covered with snow more than six months of the year. The cows subsist on the tufts of grass which crop above the snow, and the rays of the sun on the snow are so dazzling as to cause blindness.

To obviate this calamity, it occurred to a kind-hearted man to protect the cows' eyes in the same way as those of human beings, and he manufactured smoke-colored spectacles which could be safely worn by cattle. These spectacles are now worn by upward of forty thousand head of cattle.—*Ex.*

Women employes of the Japanese tea farms work twelve hours a day and are paid at the rate of about 1 cent per hour.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, MARCH 22, 1900.

K. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$1.00
If not paid within six months, 1.50

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;

Wherever wrong is done

To the humblest and the greatest

'Neath the all-behold'ing sun.

That wrong is also done to us.

And they are slaves most here.

Whose love of right is for themselves,

And, and for all the race."

MORE fortunate than the recent institutions engulfed in the raging flames is the Michigan Institution. A pupil's disregard of the rules, a well-disciplined set of deaf boys, and the prompt, energetic and skillful work of the Flint fire department, preserved the buildings of the State for educating the deaf from becoming a pile of blackened brick, charred beams, and ashes. We rejoice with the Michigan people in their lucky escape from disaster.

It was a good thing this time that the rules were fractured. The boy deserves praise and—punishment. It may be that failure to observe the rules, on the part of some one else, caused the fire. Any way, it is a good thing to impress upon the minds of all that every rule is of importance. Not that severity for trifling indiscretions or thoughtlessness is advisable; but because an example of disregard for the rules is known to all, and, if a reprimand be withheld, the transgression is likely to find imitators.

In one of Victor Hugo's works, entitled "Ninety-Three," an example of a stern and uncompromising spirit of justice is given, which, while not applicable to the present case, is worth knowing.

A careless gunner did not securely attach a cannon, in the ship that was carrying men and munitions of war to France. The result was that the pitching of the waves released the cannon, and it plunged backward and forward, diagonally, and in all kinds of eccentric curves, endangering the lives of all on board. The gunner seized a crowbar, with the intention of overturning the cannon, and although in great peril of being crushed to death every moment, after a long fight succeeded. His movements had been watched by all, and his bravery was applauded. To the highest officer on board, Lantenac, was given the duty of a fitting recognition of what the brave gunner had done. All were called on deck, the gunner was summoned forward, and Lantenac, taking the Cross of St. Louis (one of the highest decorations of France for valor) from the breast of an officer, pinned it to the coat of the perspiring gunner. When the cheering had subsided, Lantenac said: "Now, let the man be shot!"

A PAMPHLET of seventy-four octavo pages, printed by "The Warrent Press," Grinnell, Iowa, comprises the "Minutes and Proceedings of Association Meetings" of the Alumni Association of Gallaudet College. Lists of officers, during the ten years of the Association's existence, precede the subject matter of the book, which has for a frontispiece a fine half-tone of Gallaudet College. There are also half-tone portraits of officers past and present, and of the College Faculty. Besides the interesting accounts of meetings, banquets, etc., the book has a list of the College Alumni, giving their places of residence, occupations, and other useful information. There is also a "History of the College," and "Athletics in the College," by Prof. Draper, and a chapter on "The Alumni of Gallaudet Col-

lege," from the pen of Miss May Martin, of the Class of '95.

EVERYBODY will regret that the necessary appropriation for the new Mississippi Institution did not become law. It passed the House with a whoop, but the Senate laid it over till next session, which is two years hence. However, the hold-overs are in favor of the bill, and there seems every prospect for its speedy passage when again taken up. But the long, long wait, must be rather depressing to the Institution authorities.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: The Itemizer.

On February 15th, the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Goodison (nee McKean). Both are doing nicely. Both have our best congratulations.

Pupils of the Central New York Institution have contributed eighteen dollars towards the Building Fund of the Gallaudet Home, as follows: Silent Helpers, \$10; "Judge Not" Circle, \$5; "Do ye nexte thyngs" Band, \$3.

Isaac Hicks, a wealthy member of the Society of Friends, died Tuesday at his home, 34 Westbury, L. I., at the age of eighty-five years, from paralysis. He was head of the nursery firm of Isaac Hicks & Son, which has been one of the landmarks of Westbury for more than half a century. Several years ago he transferred the active care of the nursery business to his sons and spent his leisure time in painting.—N. Y. Herald, March 15.

[Mr. Hicks' son and daughter, Gilbert and Anna, are deaf-mutes.]

The statement that C. L. Washburn, of Minnesota, is reported to be worth a million dollars in his own right, brings up the question: Who is the richest deaf-mute? That honor seems to belong to Mr. Washburn; but Miss Allie Palmer, of Craig, Mo., is reported to be one of four heirs to an estate in Australia, worth from six to ten millions. Miss Palmer's father left Missouri about thirty-three years ago, went to San Francisco, and from thence to Australia.

DIED.

Hallett—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Hallett of Niagara Falls, N. Y. (nee Tillie F. Bott), the 14th of March, a lovely daughter. It died just as it was born. It weighed 16 pounds. Mrs. Hallett is not out of danger yet.

TROY, N. Y.

Sympathy is extended to Miss Mira Warren, on account of her mother's death, in the eighty-fourth year of her age. Death was due to the upsetting of a lamp, and the victim was alone in the room. Miss Warren and a married sister tried to save her. She died after two days' suffering. Miss Warren contemplates going to Vermont for several months, rest as soon as the estate is settled.

Mrs. Burt and Mrs. Smith planned a surprise party for Mrs. J. Getting at Waterford, and about twenty deaf-mutes were invited. The affair occurred a few days before Lent, and was enjoyable in the extreme. Among the out-of-town guests were Mrs. Brownell of Cambridge, and Miss French, of Greenwich.

Frank M. Houck, shake! Where have you been since you last dropped in to see me here?

Thursday evening of this week will witness the hottest game of base ball of the season at the local army or, between a crack team (the celebrated 12th regiment of New York) and our strongest team in this section, (the team which has not, thus far, met defeat.)

Jones: "I had a good chance to say I told you so to Thompson to-day."

Brown: "How so?"

"Why, I strongly advised him against marrying Miss Enok, but he wouldn't listen to me, and now he regrets it himself."

"I don't see why. She is a most charming woman."

"But she's as deaf as a post."

"That isn't any defect with her. She can read your lips so cleverly that you would never suspect she wasn't hearing every word you said."

"That's all right at times, but Thompson claims that it is wearing him to skin and bones to have to get up and light the gas every time he has to tell her that the baby is crying."—Life.

C.

The famous shot fired in the jubilee year of Queen Victoria from a twenty-two ton gun to ascertain how far a shot could be carried, remained in the air 69½ seconds.

The Minneapolis mills are turning out 2,300 cars of flour every week, and there is a constant fight between the Chicago and St. Paul lines over which road gets the bigger share of the freights.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

A Fine Rendition of the "Merchant of Venice."

UNFAIRNESS AT BASKET BALL.

Persuasiveness of the Fat Men.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 19.—The most interesting event of the past week was Mr. T. F. Fox's, '83 rendering of the "Merchant of Venice" before the "Lit." and invited friends, Friday night. It was certainly a fine treat to see Mr. Fox in the Shylock role. Nothing like it has been seen here in several years. The "Lit." is certainly to be congratulated upon having been able to get the services of two such masters of the sign-language as Mr. Fox and Mr. McGregor in one season. May it ever be able to have some of the "old boys" each year, for they bring us not only the best of entertainment, but encouragement in all the branches of college work.

The Sophomore Class gave a delightful social, Saturday night, to celebrate their victory in the Christmas bowling tournament. The time was most pleasantly spent in games and guessing contests of various sorts, prizes being given to those doing the best. Some of the most amusing parts were the word guessing, hat trimming and sewing contests (for the gentlemen), and the gypsy fortune teller. Appropriate refreshments were served before the departure of the guests.

A party of several lady and gentlemen students, with Miss Martin and Prof. Hall, took in "Quo Vadis," at the Columbia, Saturday afternoon.

The base ball team has its first game scheduled for Wednesday with the Y. M. C. A. team of the city, but at present there is several inches of snow on the ground with almost zero weather. So instead of practice for the coming game, coasting has been the order of the day; it has been very good, too, as the snow is very fine and packed hard.

After repeated failures to get games with the city High School girls, our young ladies' basket-ball team finally succeeded in arranging a game for Saturday with the girls of Forest Glen Seminary. The game was played in the "gym" of the latter institution. This time our girls lost 23 to 31, chiefly because of unfairness on the part of the Forest Glen girls. Our girls have always played with only five on a side. The agreement for the game was with the understanding that five should be the number of players on a side, and our girls practiced accordingly. When they reached the Seminary "gym," however, the home team at first refused to play, except with seven on a side. Finally a compromise was made arranging that the first half be played with teams of seven and the second half with five. Further, our girls were to follow the home team's rules in the first half and then ours in the second. During the first half the hearing girls got 13 points on fouls and earned 6, and in the other half 4 on fouls and earned 3. Our girls earned 16 and got 7 on fouls. The real score therefore should be 16 to 9 in our favor; for when the second half came the hearing girls would not abide by the agreement as to following the rules, and refused to play with five.

The Lawn Tennis Club met last week and effected a new organization for the Spring season. The new officers are: Wornstaff, '00, President; Swanson, '01, Vice-President; Wyand, '02, Secretary; Campbell, '02, Treasurer; Flick, '03, Captain; Snyder, '03, Sub-Captain.

Miller, '03, set out the other day to prove that all fat men are blockheads; all lean men geniuses. The boys got after him and had lots of fun arguing with him. The grand final was a snow bath for him by the "fats," who deemed that the most effective argument they could use. He says now that he meant fat men of the world in general and not of the "College World."

Since my last letter I have learned that several other students, besides those mentioned, propose to take up some branch of study in the Technical Department at the beginning of the Spring term. What is more, they will do it as an extra branch of study, and will continue on in the regular course for B. A. a degree, we believe, against which very few of the "grads," if any, have any kick.

R. S. T.

BROOKLYN.

Prof. Thomas F. Fox will lecture in the Guild Room of St. Mark's, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening, March 22d.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

INSTITUTION TO BE RE-BUILT ON THE COTTAGE PLAN.

Pittsburgh Chronicle, March 15.

The approved plans for the new buildings contemplated by the directors of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb to replace the structure recently destroyed by fire, show a series of three buildings connected by corridors. The idea is that known as the cottage plan. Each building will be separate and distinct, with the exception of the single corridor as a connecting passage.

The new structures will be located considerably more toward the front of the lot than the former building, and will encroach on the beautiful lawn space not only in front but at the side of the old foundations. The building will extend backward much farther than the old foundation, and all interior apartments will run in entirely the opposite direction from those in the old structure. In the old buildings, the administration offices and rooms, while occupying the central place in the institution, were all in line length-wise of the building. In the new plans these rooms are in the central house, but with their location running directly backward and through to the rear of the structure.

All the advantages of the old apartments for their special purposes are retained in the new plans, with many improvements. The auditorium which was always considered inartistic and inconvenient, will be replaced with a hall of up-to-date requirements. The class rooms will all be improved in many details to render them more satisfactory and convenient. The main consideration in construction, however, has been to make the buildings as absolutely fire-proof as possible, and to the end no expense has been spared. Dr. J. G. Brown, president of the board of trustees, who has charge of raising the necessary fund for the new buildings, said, yesterday.

"The wisdom of the cottage plan has been demonstrated to us in that we are able to go on with the work of the institution even under present difficulties, owing to the fact that the structures which were isolated from the main institution escaped destruction. Had the main building been in three sections, it is quite likely that a portion might have been saved. Our plans for the new building are practically decided. A few changes will be made to meet the limitations of our finances. There is one thing we are insisting upon and that is that the structures shall be fire-proof as far as modern expenses can make them. Our fund has now reached about \$23,000. Each day finds it growing and we have no doubt of the ultimate outcome. The insurance money is nearly available and work of rebuilding will start with the spring.

"On March 15th, some 75 of the pupils will be recalled to their task. These will be the more advanced students. A part of this number are those who can go home in the evenings, and this will be a condition of their recall. We are fitting up the upstairs department of the boys industrial shops as dormitories for the boys, and the girls will be housed in the girls' industrial building. We will only recall as many as we can comfortably house. A number of students are already at their tasks, those who can go to their own homes daily. Classrooms will be provided in the carpenter shops, and the shops will be crowded into some other space. We have a temporary kitchen and dining hall almost ready, so that there will be no trouble about meals.

"With the completion of the building which we had started on the grounds prior to the fire for the needs of primary and kindergarten classes, the remainder of the students will be recalled and put to work. We hope to have this building ready for occupancy by April 1st. In the meantime, the main buildings will occupy attention, and if all goes well, they will be ready for us in at least a year from now and possibly sooner. We have had many letters of sympathy and encouragement in our efforts to replace our loss."

Dr. Brown said that much interest was being taken in the entertainment arranged by the graduates of the institution to be given in Old City Hall on the evening of March 8th. This entertainment will be made up of songs, recitations and dialogues in the sign-language, with appropriate costumes worn, and with tableaux and incidental features. In the songs, hidden singers give the vocal demonstration, while the deaf-mute principals on the stage interpret the music with appropriate gesture. Nothing so graceful and captivating in a public performance has been promised Pittsburgh for a long time. Dr. Brown says, than the one projected by the graduates of the institution. The recitations will be interpreted by some one who is gifted vocally, and the audience will be initiated into

the derivation of the more common and recurring gestures with their qualifying additions.

Dr. Brown said that the institution would not be represented at the Paris Exposition except in a statistical way. He said that the Paris show of the deaf would be largely in the hands of the oralists, who will make daily demonstrations to attract to their methods. The Western Pennsylvania Institution is not an advocate of the oral system, except for a limited number of students who are mentally or physically deficient. Dr. Brown says that the effort to instruct in the oral method is simply a waste of time. He says that the institution is required to instruct in the oral system to a certain degree. He says that while the law is complied with in the Elgwood Institution the method has but few sympathizers, and is not enforced to any enthusiastic degree.

Found Nearly a Million.

NOVEL EXPERIENCE OF A SCRUB-WOMAN IN THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

In 1862 Sophie Holmes was employed by General Spinner, the treasurer of the United States, as a temporary charwoman. She was assigned to the rooms of the issue division to sweep and dust. One afternoon in April of that year Aunt Sophie was hard at work sweeping and scrubbing the floors when she came across a large bundle which she supposed was waste paper, and was in the act of throwing it in the basket to be burned. She decided to investigate it. She was amazed and almost frightened out of her wits to discover several dozen rolls of \$1,000 bills, \$700,000 in all. By some unexplainable mistake this package of money was overlooked, and even when the accounts were balanced in the evening it was not missed. General Spinner believing all to be secure, had locked the safe and gone out with an easy conscience.

Aunt Sophie, on finding all of this wealth unguarded, decided to remain in the room until some one with authority to accept the money should arrive. So, to allay all suspicion, she pretended to be working very hard, but always remained near the money. She was afraid to leave the bundle to seek General Spinner, and, not knowing the guard, did not trust him with her secret. She thought of going out and carrying the bundle of money with her; the thought occurred to her that the guard, not knowing her, might examine the package and, on finding its valuable contents, either kill her and escape with the wealth or suspect her of theft. There seemed but one thing for her to do, to stay and guard the fortune with her life if necessary.

About 6 o'clock one of the guards entered the room and, on finding Aunt Sophie still there, asked:

"Still at work?"

Aunt Sophie began to sweep with all of her might and main. "Yes," she answered, "but I'll soon be through." And she made such a dust that the watchman was only too glad to escape. She swept the dust and dirt into a pile and then scattered it over the floor again in an effort to appear to be very busy. No more watchmen disturbed her, and finally, out of sheer exhaustion, she sat down to rest and soon dropped asleep.

About midnight she awoke, hearing a noise in the hall. She was frightened, and, rising, she groped her way to the spot where she had hidden the money, wedging it in between two desks. Then she seated herself on it, determined to stay there till General Spinner, who slept in the building, should arrive.

In this cramped position she slept until 4 o'clock in the morning, when she heard a soft footfall in the hall, and listening, she thought she recognized the step of General Spinner. In a trembling voice she called his name.

General Spinner was known as the "watchdog of the treasury," a name given him from the fact that he had a habit of wandering through the building at all hours of the night to see that everything was all right. In the silence and darkness of the night this low, trembling voice of a woman frightened the general, although he was not an acknowledged believer in ghosts. On discovering Aunt Sophie wedged in between two desks his fright was turned into surprise. The relief from the responsibility almost unmoved Aunt Sophie, and she began to cry. She could not explain the situation, only murmuring, "Oh, General Spinner, don't go, don't go!"

Finally, when she had become quieted and could tell her story and investigation proved it to be correct, the truth dawned upon the general, and it is said that he swore black and blue at everything in, about and near treasury. Not until he had relieved himself in this manner for nearly an hour, did he allow Aunt Sophie to go home. The money was finally locked up in his private safe to await the next day's investigation. Several days later Aunt Sophie was sent for and complimented for her faithfulness and as a token of gratitude was given a life appointment.—Washington Post.

THE MINES OF MOUNT SINAI.

Egyptians had mined the rugged sides of Mount Sinai for copper and turquoise thousands of years before Moses climbed the mountain to receive the tables of the law, and the Egyptians waged wars for the possession of these mines. M. De Morgan, with a party of French engineers, recently visited these abandoned workings, which are situated convenient to the Gulf of Suez, and explored two of the ancient deposits. He found the mineral deposits in the sandstone region, and not in the porphyries, which constitute the great mass of the mountain.

These deposits consist of copper and iron bearing minerals, especially hematite, and some gypsum. Among the cupriferous minerals the most valuable were the turquoise, many valuable specimens of which have been discovered from time to time in the tomb and treasures of the Egyptians, says the National Druggist. M. De Morgan brought back to France a collection of minerals, most of which were turned over to M. Berthelot, who made a most interesting report on the minerals, in which he stated that the copper bearing specimens were poor in metal and not plentiful.

Mining such ores must have been tedious and severe labor. The Egyptians were still using arms of wood, and clipped or ground stones and copper was a rare and precious metal, the possession of which was thought to repay the most severe labor. Later on wood and stone implements gave place to bronze, which was made possible by the importation of tin from remote regions. The extraction of the metal was effected by methods similar to those followed in the metallurgy of copper in its production from similar ores from the remotest antiquity down to recent times—the use of wood as a reducing material along with silicious, ferruginous and calcareous fluxes.

These mines have been abandoned for at least three thousand years, probably on account of a constantly growing scarcity of the material and the poverty of the residue in metal. The mines were probably worked from thirty-five hundred to four thousand years. It is thought that the working of the mines began nearly seven thousand years ago.

"THE GIRL" AT KEITH'S.

Among all the "girls," who have been attracting and occasionally startling New York, "The Girl from Maxims," "The Girl in the Barracks," and the rest of them, none has lasted so long in public favor or enjoyed such an interesting vogue as "The Girl with the Auburn Hair." Her beautiful act has given rise to imitations, but none of them approaches the fascination of "The Girl with the Auburn Hair," in either loveliness of characterization, melody of voice or splendor of stage setting. The mystery of her identity has never been solved, and she comes back to Keith's next week, after long and triumphant engagements at the other theatres on the Keith Circuit, with the same unsolvable individuality with which she first astonished and delighted New York.

Camille D'Arville, the always popular and chic, has made a great hit, and remains a second week; and other notable performers in the Keith bill will be "Little Fred," a novelty just from Europe; Arthur Sidman and his wife, in their exquisite little play, "Back Home"; Barnes and Sisson in their ludicrous witty act, Josephine Gassman and her pikaninnies, and the grotesque Forest brothers.

The Biograph continues to produce new views every week.

Integrity and Industry.

Integrity and Industry are the best possessions which any man can have, and every man can have them. Nobody can give them to him or take them away from him. He cannot acquire them by inheritance; he cannot buy them nor beg nor borrow them. They belong to the individual and are his unquestionable property. He alone can part with them. They are a good thing to have and keep. They make happy homes; they achieve success in every walk of life; they have won the greatest triumphs of mankind. They will bring you a comfortable living, make you respect yourself and command the respect of your fellows. They are indispensable to success. They are inevitable. The merchant requires the clerk whom he employs to have them. The railroad corporation inquires whether the man seeking employment possesses them. Every avenue of human endeavor welcomes them. They are the only keys to open with certainty the door of opportunity to struggling manhood. Employment waits on them; capital requires them; citizenship is not good without them. If you don't already have them—get them.—President McKinley.

A bomb weighing about seventy pounds explodes into a shower of 1200 pieces.

Blacksmiths' Aprons.

A LEGEND WHICH EXPLAINS WHY THEY ARE ALWAYS NOTCHED.

The teacher of forging at the Manual Training High School, James Yule, told a story to his pupils which was reported as follows by the Indianapolis News. "Boys," said the teacher, "you have all seen Rembrandt Steele's decorative work, the blacksmith with the edges of his leathern apron notched. There is probably not one blacksmith in a hundred who knows why the apron is notched, and yet every blacksmith fixes his apron in this way, whether in America, England, Germany, France, Spain or Mexico.

"When I was a boy in England, where I learned my trade as blacksmith, when I got my first apron I sat down and with my knife began to notch the edges. One of the older men, seeing me at work, knife in hand, asked me if I knew what I was doing and why I was doing it. I replied that I was doing what I had seen the other smiths do. Then he told me this legend:

"Once upon a time a king of England gave a great feast, to which he invited the masters of the various crafts in his kingdom. After they were seated at the table the king, passing from one to another, talked with them, asking questions as to their handiwork. At the head of the table sat the tailor, dressed in his best and looking very, proud in his fine attire.

"In answer to the king's inquiry as to his trade he said: 'I am the tailor. I make the king's robes of state and the suits for his hawking and hunting.'

"With what dost thou do these grand things?" asked the king.

"With shears and needle," said the tailor.

"And who makes these rare tools for thee?" asked the king.

"The blacksmith," answered the tailor.

"Then the king, passing along the table, spoke to the carpenter, to the bricklayer, the mason and to other craftsmen. Each one told of the work he did for the king. But these, like the others, acknowledged that it was the blacksmith, who made the tools with which they did their work.

"At last the king came to the blacksmith, modestly seated at the very foot of the table, not clothed in as good apparel as the other craftsmen, but with a smutched face and a grimy leathern apron.

"Ho, ho!" said his majesty, as the blacksmith rose in an awkward way, for he had no acquaintance with the manners of court. 'What dost thou make for thy king?'

"I make your armor and your sword when you go to war for the honor of the kingdom," stammered the smith.

"Yes," said the king, 'and thou makest the sharp points to the arrows of my stout longbows and the heads of my spears and battleaxes. More than that—without thee there would be no tools for these craftsmen.'

The king then took the blacksmith by the hand. His blushes could even be seen through the smudge on his face, and, moving the tailor down to the foot, the king placed him at the head of the table.

"The tailor alone of all the craftsmen did not like this change of places, so, watching his chance, while the others were drinking the health of the king in great flagons of beer, he slipped under the table and with his shears cut the edges of the blacksmith's apron.

"And that is the way the blacksmith's apron came to be notched, and it has been worn so ever since."

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments

MARCH.
24—8 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton.
25—7:30 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton.
26—7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.
28—8 P.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo.
29—8 P.M., St. Luke's, Rochester.
30—8 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.

APRIL.

1—3 P.M., St. Paul's, Watertown.
4—8 P.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo.
5—8 P.M., St. Luke's, Rochester.
6—8 P.M., Christ Church, Albion.
8—11 A.M., and 7:30 P.M., St. Luke's, Rochester.
10—30 P.M., Geneva.
11—7:30 P.M., Auburn.
12—8 P.M., St. Luke's, Rochester.
13—8 P.M., St. Paul's, Parish House, Buffalo.
15—(Easter D.) 11 A.M., and 7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER,
11 Mason Street,
Rochester, N. Y.

Two famous senators, Davis and Evarts, used to try to see which could get ahead of the other. Davis was very large and fat; Evarts was very small and thin. One day Mr. Davis told Evarts that he could best him in a race of one hundred feet, if Mr. Evarts would let him select the place and give him three feet the start of Mr. Evarts. Mr. Evarts agreed, and they went to the place that Mr. Davis selected. It was a narrow passage between two high walls. Mr. Davis started first, and was so large that he filled up the space between the walls, so that Mr. Evarts could not get past him.

The act you would hide should yourself be denied.

OHIO.

Conflicting Stories about Hoy.

NEW HOME TRUSTEES.

A Week's Happenings.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Just now the air is filled with conflicting stories regarding Hoy as to where he will play. One report has him with the Pittsburgh team, another with the St. Paul Club, of the American League. The latter can hardly be correct, as Hoy himself gave out some time ago that he would not play in any minor league. The *Enquirer* of Saturday had the following regarding the little player:

Billy Hoy, the great little outfielder, is busy fixing up his flat in the Norfolk Annex, at Eighth and Elm streets. He has received two offers from American League clubs, but has not yet signed. He has lived well and still has been sensible enough to provide for the proverbial rainy day. He will not be compelled to leave his "hand-outs" if he should remain out of the game. When seen yesterday afternoon he was busy painting and putting down carpets. There are several worse outfielders on the league reserve lists than Mr. Hoy. Cincinnati has not had an outfielder since the days of Pop Corkhill who could give him any pointers in catching flies. Time after time he has gone up that center field bank at the local park and virtually picked flies off the fence. He electrified the crowd at League Park one day jumping in the air and pulling down a fly from Patsy Tebeau's bat with his right hand. Hoy is a fine sacrifice batter, a corking good base runner and his batting average last year with Louisville was something like .335 per cent. Some people say that he is weak on ground balls. This may be so, but there are few balls that get away from him in a game. At League Park here the ground is rough because it was formerly a brickyard. There is never any telling which way a ball will bound. On that account Hoy's work on ground balls may have seemed a bit off. Hoy is always in condition, and above all he is intelligent and easy to manage. Youngsters will come and go, but Billy Hoy is certainly a hard man to beat. He is in no hurry to sign with the American League.

The institution grounds, Saturday afternoon, reminded one of the baseball season in its height. There was a large crowd scattered about, gazing upon the two clubs at play. It was the first game of the season, played between institution clubs and they styled themselves the Boers and English. The former came out on top 35 to 28.

The weather of yesterday and this morning, temperature almost at zero, has dampened the zeal for ball playing to-day.

The Board of Managers for the Home held a meeting on the 26th ult., and chose Mr. Thomas Turner, of Clifton, Mr. Rion Hoel, of Corwin, Mr. A. G. Byers and A. B. Greener, to fill vacancies in the board caused by the decease of former members. They have been confirmed by the President and Executive Committee of the Association.

Messrs. Eagleson, Filler, Jones and McGregor, were constituted a committee to look after matters needing legislative action and present the same to the legislature.

The Superintendent of the Home with Messrs. Byers, Jones, McGregor and Greener were made a committee to select plans and look after the erection of the proposed new barn. It is expected to begin work on this as soon as the weather moderates. Not all of the money needed for this purpose has yet been secured, but it is hoped the means will soon be on hand.

President C. W. Charles, of the Association, with Messrs. A. H. Schory and W. H. Zorn, were constituted a committee to look after and increase the financial resources of the Home.

With the opening of school last fall, the vertical system of writing was introduced in the classes. On Monday afternoon, Prof. J. S. Cooley, a specialist on the subject, lectured to the teachers on the subject for an hour, giving out a number of practical hints to help the student along.

The Ladies' Aid Society held its regular meeting, Thursday evening, but did nothing of importance except ordering the purchase of a few necessary articles for the Home.

Superintendent Jones was over at West Jefferson, Saturday afternoon, where he lectured before the teachers' institute of Madison County. He took along with him three pupils, Misses Hannaford, Jones and Laing, and gave an exhibition of the school work as carried on here. Miss Jones also rendered several hymns in pantomime. The pedagogues over there were greatly interested in the exhibition never having seen the like before.

Miss Virginia Leggett Ice, a teacher here up to last June, has been visiting her old friends at the Institution this week. She will remain until next week, being the guest of Miss Olivia Bruning.

Mr. George W. Martin, who has been slinging type in the *Deaf World* office, threw up his job, Tuesday evening. It is not known yet who, if anyone, will take his place. Mr. Holycross, the owner, holds a position in the *Citizen* office. He has lately added a job press to his outfit, and if orders come thick

and fast, he will either have to get a sub or quit his place in the *Citizen*. Mr. Martin has gone to Piqua, where he is to work in a handle factory.

Mrs. Katie Wait was presented with a baby carriage, last Saturday, a subscription having been taken up for the purpose. The gift was a worthy one.

Charles Newton, a former pupil here, but now living at Emlenton, Pa., was in Pittsburgh, recently, to undergo an X-ray examination for a broken rib.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sawhill were in Braddock, recently. Mrs. Sawhill took part in the entertainment recently given in Pittsburgh for the benefit of the new school building, and made a hit in her production, as did also Mr. Col. Sawhill.

March 17, '00. A. B. G.

NEW YORK.

[Mr. A. L. Pach's address is 250 W. 125th St. (Room 4) New York.]

As its first event in the family, you can picture the satisfaction and general air of content that Abe Golland wears in his place of business in Washington Market. He weighed a little boy baby at his home on March 3d, and chuckled when he remarked "10 pounds good measure." The dramatic personae in this little event are all progressing as well as is customary and usual under like circumstances.

Dr. Palmer W. Lyon, son-in-law of Professor W. G. Jones, who received a commission as surgeon in the United States Volunteer Army, and who wears the straps of a Captain, is now enroute to Manila where he will serve in one of the regiments stationed there. Dr. Lyon is one of a large number of surgeons who responded to a call for surgeons in the army, and all who know him will wish him well in his new sphere of duty. Mrs. Lyon will make her home with her parents until his return.

Pending the arrival of the wheeling season, Artist Jacques Alexander keeps in good health by taking long daily constitutional in Harlem.

The attendance at the Sunday services at St. Ann's is growing large by degrees. The increased attendance is due to several causes.

His New York friends are wondering whether they will ever see "Billy Hoy" patrolling the center "kopje" on a base ball field again. He is booked to play with a minor league team under the management of ex-Giant "Billy" Joyce, but where the team is to be located, is not made public.

Sometimes a sexton gets "gay"—one of these times was last week when Sexton Abrams took two evenings off in succession, seeing the Sportsman Show at Madison Square Garden and hobnobbing with Indians, trappers and hunters. Next evening found him watching Jimmy Powers' antics in "A Runaway Girl," at the Harlem Opera House.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew is going to take full charge of, and assume the expense of decorating St. Ann's with flowers for the Easter Services.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rose entertained their Social Circle at St. Ann's, last Saturday evening, with a St. Patrick's Day party. Fifty-six guests were present, but few were members of St. Ann's, other churches contributed by far the largest share. This goes to show how much closer the bonds of deafness can bring people than the tie of a similar faith or creed. At the Lenten service the previous Wednesday but ten were in attendance. Dr. Chamberlain was among those present. Candy and nuts done up in green packages were the favors that the guests took away.

This circle will have Prof. Rowland B. Lloyd, of the New Jersey School, lecture before them on April 7th, presumably at St. Ann's Guild Rooms.

Last Sunday's *Herald* had one of those now familiar "yellow" stories "scare headed": "No More Deaf-Mutes," which was filled with the usual nonsense. Photographs of a niece of Jeff. De Angelis in the act of saying "I can talk," accompanied the article.

William H. Rose is now employed on "Success," a monthly magazine published at Cooper Institute.

On Thursday, March 29th, the Guild of Silent Workers are scheduled to meet at St. Ann's and transact the long delayed business, and much that has accumulated. It behooves every member to make it a point to attend.

It wasn't what they expected, so you can imagine the long faces Captain McVea's team of basket ball players wore when they returned from Kingston last week, defeated by the team of that city 13 to 5.

S. M. Brown has moved to Brooklyn Borough.

Moses Heyman and Mrs. Heyman are back in town after a three weeks' stay at Atlantic City, where the former gained rapidly in health and strength.

On March 11th, a surprise party was given to Miss Annie Oehler, a sister of Sophie Oehler. The young lady received many nice presents. Among the thirty people

present were: Misses Minnie Reed, Maggie Hogan, Emma Dressing, Ethel Perry, Dora Litterer, Gertrude Dore, and Messrs. Frank Lenox, E. Johnson, H. Prinsinzin, Frank Brown, Jules Maria, R. E. Maynard, H. Gunner, G. Wormuth, H. Muench, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Konzelman.

Henry S. De Celli, of Troy, N. Y., is in New York City, and says he has a job in a shirt factory somewhere on West 10th Street.

Robert McVea is working on the wires that repose in New York City subways. He helps detach the old and defective wires, and replace them with new.

Louis Hallen, of Harrisburg, Pa., is in New York, learning clothing cutting, at the New York Cutting School. He was educated at the Philadelphia Institution.

Anton Schroeder, of St. Paul, Minn., reached New York on Tuesday morning. He is going to Britain, Ct., to work for the Stanley Works, which has bought all his patents in "Non-Rattling Hangers and Fasteners."

THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

With Spring almost on us, and the near approach of summer those of the silent folk who take summer cottages outside of the city have already begun to engage their cottages and talks over plans. M. O. Roberts has engaged a cottage at Washington Grove, where his family will spend about four months. Meanwhile he will remain in the city, and open up his usual bachelor quarters.

Perhaps the country is too far away from Offenders and the Alhambra.

G. B. Whitlocke has already opened up his Fairview Farm residence, and those who come to spend their summer evenings reclining in hammocks under shady trees will be welcome out there.

C. W. Harrison, at present, takes his meals out there.

Mr. Souder expects to keep cool on the "elevated" trains between here and Fort Meyer Heights. Wonder how often he will miss the last car.

Monsieur Le Fevre has already set the machinery of his training stables in motion, and says there will be no more second places. He intends to play old Charles T. "for all he is worth." We regret to say Brookland will have the honor of cashing his checks. We fear wicked Washington has frightened the poor fellow out.

W. G. Wurdeman has recently invested in a new Cleveland. He had it made to order, and had the frame made so as to bear his Club colors—red and black. He says it is for century runs only. His old Sterling serves for daily purposes. E. E. Hannan is now minus a cycle club. His club recently disorganized—perhaps too many of them attempted to follow his example of making his steed lead six foot ditches in the dark.

C. L. Dowell can still be found weighing lamb chops and roast veal at his old stand on T Street.

Lawyer Egan is now pursuing an advanced course in the Law Department of Columbian University, under the direct supervision of a prominent patent attorney of the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Cady Burton are making the best of life while youth lasts. They are out somewhere almost every evening. They don't have a number of their silent friends up at their home.

Misses Katie Senkind and Mamie Dailey took in the Zoo Sunday, to hear the lions roar and see the monkeys play.

We have seen little of Misses O'Callahan and Fogarty of late. Perhaps they find too much interest way out North West to come down this way.

So far no one seems to have seen Kerney's new paper. Wonder if our order reached him after his limited number of copies were exhausted.

Messrs. Hodges and Flood, who went into the confectionery business together, last fall, have dissolved partnership, the former buying out the business, and will shortly make it a wholesale business.

Mr. Flood, who still stays at the Soldier's Home, says it is too far away to attend business in the city.

A. D. H.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

MARCH 25TH, FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT AND ALSO THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, 3 P. M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, N. Y.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson.

Gallandet Home for Deaf-Mutes, temporarily in a wing of the City Home in Poughkeepsie, 11 A. M. and 3 P. M.

Lent services in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes at 8 P. M., on Wednesdays, and in St. Matthew's Church on Thursdays at 8 P. M., and Fridays at 5 P. M. Sign-interpretations at the latter.

Although the Transvaal is 1,000 miles nearer the equator, the temperature averages much lower than at Cape Town.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association.

THE CATHOLIC CLUB.

And Numerous Interesting Notes.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

The March quarterly business meeting of the Clerc Literary Association was held last Thursday evening, 15th, President Stevens in the chair. The weather had been stormy all day, and continued so in the evening. However, a sufficient number of members attended the meeting to permit the transaction of business. Outside of the routine business, the only matter of importance that came before the meeting was the ratification of a new agreement governing the use of the rooms. The Association has always made an annual contribution of a sum ranging between one hundred and one hundred and forty dollars, to All Souls' Guild, for the privilege of using the rooms. By the terms of the new agreement, the Association is expected to contribute only one dollar per week at the lowest, or one half of its net profits or earnings when they exceed \$52.00 a year at the highest. The new arrangement gives the Association much easier terms, while the Guild will not gain as much as formerly unless the earnings of the Association grow unusually large. In return for this liberality on the part of the Guild, it is expected that the Association will show a better disposition to co-operate with the Guild in promoting the interests of All Souls' Church.

The Association has admitted a number of new members recently, and the membership is steadily increasing. There are a few dissatisfied members in it, we are sorry to note; but we hope they will finally understand how difficult it is for one administration to suit all the members. The annual elections occur this week, and promise to be the most lively which the Association has had for a number of years.

Mr. James F. Donnelly, of New York, lectured on Joan of Arc before a good-sized audience at the rooms of the Catholic Deaf-Mutes' Club, on Pine Street, yesterday (Sunday) evening. He was introduced by Mr. Michael Ryan, Lay Advisor of the Club. The lecture was well received, and a rising vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer. Mr. Donnelly also spoke of the condition of Catholic mission work in New York, which greatly interested the members of the club. Mr. J. F. O'Brien is expected to appear before the Club at a future time, probably in May.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Koenig entertained a small party of friends at their home last Saturday evening. An enjoyable evening was had.

May we remind our city readers once more of the coming entertainment in aid of the Home Fund of the Pennsylvania Society, at Wisconsin Hall, Mt. Airy, Wednesday evening, March 28th. Ghullam Hussein, who will perform, is a Persian wizard and interpreter of ten languages. He has appeared in the streets of Cairo and at many big fairs. Don't miss this chance to see him.

Holy Communion will be administered at All Souls' Church on Sunday, March 25th, instead of on April 1st. Bishop Whitaker will visit All Souls' and confirm a class on April 1st.

There is much sickness all over the city at present, and some deaf-mutes are among the affected.

Mrs. Spencer M. Hannold has been down with an affection for some days, and her little boy has the measles.

Mrs. Louisa Slifer is suffering from an attack of quinsy.

Mr. and Mrs. Lang's child has been dangerously ill, but is recovering now.

So far as known, there is no improvement in Miss Nuhn's condition.

Mrs. William Wright, known to a number of deaf as Miss Jeremiah's sister, is reported by Mr. Maginits to be seriously ill with typhoid fever.

William J. Waldron, formerly of Reading, Pa., but now of Elizabeth, N. J., was seen at All Souls' Church on Sunday afternoon. He is here in quest of work, being a printer by occupation.

Henry E. Custer, of Ryersford, was another Sunday visitor.

Miss Annie Gorton, of Plymouth, Pa., has taken Miss Amb's place in the laundry at the Mt. Airy Institution.

James E. Morony will not be employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company any more on account of his age. He has a family, and no means of support now. We believe that any one who will take the trouble to investigate his case will find it an urgent one. Mr. Morony desires to start at cobbling,

but has not the means to get the necessary tools and material. We hope he will find the help he so much needs.

J. S. R.

March 19, '00.

EDGEWOOD PARK, PA.

At present the most talked of affair is the entertainment arranged and presented by the deaf people of Pittsburgh and vicinity in aid of the building fund of the Edgewood school. When the deaf people decided to take a hand in raising money, they set about it in characteristic fashion. The committee geared the machinery and set it in motion, and presto! every deaf person in Allegheny County almost, was working like a beaver to beat every body else selling tickets for the show. As a result Old City hall was crowded on the evening of March 8th. A conservative estimate of the audience made it about 1400, which is sufficiently indicative of the faithful work of all. The time was limited, but the boys and girls made up by working all the harder. The success of this entertainment was beyond the most sanguine anticipations, and therefore the committee and every body else were correspondingly happy.

He full report has not yet been made by the committee, but it is clearly evident the proceeds will be over \$600—at least a pretty good sum for one night.

The expense of getting up the entertainment was small. Few bills were presented. The hall was practically free, and the piano entirely so. The committee paid their own expenses and bought tickets besides. All this helped to increase the proceeds.

It must be understood that the programme did not consist of sign and pantomime pieces alone. We had the services of a first class vocalist, Mr. C. M. Carothers, pianist, Catharine Sample, and violinist, Miss Myrtle McAleer, all of whom gave their services free. They did much to make the affair the success that it was, and they all deserve the heartiest thanks of the deaf generally and of the committee in particular, for the enthusiastic manner in which they performed their parts.

Mr. A. U. Downing interpreted all necessary parts in his usual felicitous manner, and rendered assistance in other ways.

Success was due to the united and harmonious work of all the deaf and their friends. Nobody had any axes to grind, hence there was no friction.

The proceedings opened with a short introductory address by Mr. G. M. Teegarden, Chairman of the Committee. Then followed "Near, My God, to Thee," by Mrs. E. Danahey, who rendered that popular hymn in a style novel and pleasing. "The Fire Story" by Mr. C. S. Sawhill was realistic, scarcely needing the service of the interpreter. John McDonough, in leg-dermain, and his negro assistant Joo. Escherich, mystified and amused everybody. Then Mr. Carothers greatly pleased the hearing part of the audience with "The Soul of the Violin," and Miss Mary Toomey captivated all with her rendition of "Yankee Doodle."

A pantomime in which the dude, Mr. J. C. Taylor, came to grief at the hands of a tough street arab, Archie Woodside, and boot-black, Verge Love, caused many a smile, although the whole scene took but three or four minutes.

After an intermission, "God's Strange Restriction" was fendered in concert very effectively by Delia Cawley, Bertha Jackson and Laura Bigley. Mrs. Wm. L. Sawhill provided herself a past master in her presentation of "The Lamentations of a Maid." It was cute.

In "Glass and Fire Lunch," Mr. H. C. Button demonstrated his ability to chew up glass tumbler and play with fire with impunity.

Perhaps, "Love under Difficulties," by Mr. Sawhill, was the most generally entertaining part on the programme, and the performer deserved the applause that followed.

The vocal solo, by Mr. Carothers, and violin obligato by Miss McSteer were fine, especially to ears attuned to music. This was the only number in which the deaf "were not in it."

The entertainment was appropriately closed by Miss Teresa Cawley who signed "America," accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Catharine Sample and Mr. Carothers, singing.

Mr. Allabough had general charge of the programme, and he had to do some lively hustling to assemble such an array of talent, but "nothing succeeds like success," and he has nothing to complain of. Mr. Sawhill besides taking two numbers, sacrificed a day's wages (good wages at that) in order to help the thing along, and as he refused to be compensated, the deaf must feel his debtor.

The following committee, appointed by the deaf of Pittsburgh and vicinity, had charge of the entertainment: G. M. Teegarden (Chairman), Archibald Woodside, H. H. B. McMaster, Edward Danahey, Rinhart-Fritzges, B. R. Allabough, F. R. Gray, C. S. Sawhill, H. Bards, Chas. E. Reiser, J. C. Taylor, (Treasurer.)

CHICAGO.

A Genuine Surprise Party.

BRIEF NEWS NOTES.

A Joke on Hoy.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Chicago Postoffice.]

A surprise party was given Mr. and Miss Wayman, 760 Lowe Avenue. It was a genuine one as the occupants of the place had no inkling of it till ten couples had taken possession of the place. Games were indulged in and refreshments served. One of the party turned out in a green collar and green cuffs, it being St. Patrick's Day. Among those present were Messrs. and Mesdames Dougherty, Codman, Sonneborn, Bowes, Mrs. Lefi; Misses Acheson, Shurtleff, Wayman, Young; Messrs. Murdy, Thomas, Regensburg, Hart, Liebenstein, Frank, Kingon and Wayman.

Rev. P. J. Hasenstab started for Elgin, Ill., after holding services in the Methodist pulpit. He will hold mixed service there for the hearing and the deaf.

John Johnson left the State of Illinois thirty years ago, and went to South Dakota, where he has prospered with a 160-acre farm. He is visiting a friend some distance from Chicago for the summer and will return to his farm in the fall. Perhaps he will not go back alone.

Mr. Schroeder, of St. Paul, Minn., was at church last Sunday. He is on his way to Connecticut on business.

Frank Horton has been quite ill with the typhoid fever, but was better at latest accounts.

Among the visitors to the city is Freeman Spies, printer from Ashland, Ill. He took advantage of a cheap excursion to run down to Chicago, and renew his acquaintance with old Jacksonville schoolmates. The way he talked of Sheldon's *Topeka Daily Capital* shows that he reads the newspapers, but to tell the truth a printer who does not read the newspapers must be a curiosity.

Several teachers from the State Institution were in the city Sunday. Among those that turned up at church was Miss Ferguson, accompanied by Miss Piper.

A surprise party was given Mr. and Mrs. Ryan at which the crowd enjoyed itself hugely. This is the second surprise party for the same family, the first being the birth of a ten and a half pound boy.

From Danville, Pa., comes the report of Miss Susan McCaffrey losing her speech. She happened to be the witness of an accident in which a child was killed by a trolley car. It so affected her as to cause her to lose her speech. Physicians were unable to relieve the unfortunate woman.

The closing of the Thompson Bicycle Works has thrown Mr. Moise Chagnon out of work. Nothing will be left for him to do but to hie to his home in Kankakee, Ill., plant potatoes and raise chickens, in anticipation of the excursionists from Chicago next summer.

If the dictates of the officers of different unions held at the Grand Pacific are carried out, 100,000 men in the United States and Canada will go out on a strike. It will affect many mute machinists.

A joke on Hoy is going the rounds of the newspapers here. In a certain game our general friend started to steal several bags, without waiting for the pre-arranged signals, and was caught ten feet off the bag. The captain fined him ten dollars and it was communicated to him by the players. Hoy can talk and exclaimed, Ten Dollars! What is the club coming to? To be put out, then fined ten dollars, the life of the base ball player is not so smooth as it appears to be.

The following letter explains itself:

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, Dec. 14, '99.
DEAR SIR:—While I am not anxious to have the fact mentioned in the JOURNAL or any other paper, I will tell you what I am doing. Since I came out to Seattle in the middle of August last I have been the editor of "Ranch and Range," and am still filling the position, besides having full charge of the publishing and mailing of the paper. Have just formed the Northwest Auxiliary Printing Company, in association with two other parties, and early next year will begin the publishing of "ready prints" for the country papers in this state and parts of Oregon and Idaho, besides the province of British Columbia. According to plans, I will have the active management of the business, while the printing will be done by the gentlemen associated with me—a large printing concern of this city.
In addition to the above business, I am also associated in the publication of "Northwest Industries," a journal of general industrial information. For both these lines of business we have a fine field, I am certain. Will sever my connection with "Ranch and Range" shortly.
With the compliments of the season, am,
Very truly yours,
PHIL L. AXLINE.
104 Washington St., Seattle.

Mr. C. C. Codman, one of the best signmakers of the Pas-a-Pa Club, will deliver a lecture in it rooms March 24th. Subject Andrew Jackson. Let there a bit turn out.

DEAF AGENTS EARN "GOOD MONEY"

Setting the handsome illustrated 32-page booklet, "The Lord's Prayer in the Sign Language." They sell at 25 cents each, and receive 10 cents for every copy sold. Our agents say "they sell like hot cakes." Write for free circular with terms to agents and testimonials. The booklet mailed postpaid. Send 10 cents for 15 copies.

AGENTS WANTED. Com. Magazine Co., Hartford, Conn.

Ruined Cities In Cyprus.

Famagusta and Rhodes are probably the most wonderfully preserved of medieval cities. Nothing in Europe can be compared with them. Both contain examples of the very finest Gothic architecture in their old cathedrals, churches, palaces, fortifications. It is a pity that they are not more known to the traveling public; perhaps, if they were, some effort might have been made for their preservation. Famagusta is fast disappearing, thanks to the enterprise of the few natives who still inhabit its ruins. Port Said may be said to be built out of its stones, carried across to Egypt in little two-wheeled lighters at a very profitable rate.

In Famagusta the stones are sold at the rate of fifteen Cyprus piastres, or one shilling eightpence the hundred. This priceless old carvings of angels, saints, lions, and what not, are roughly knocked off to render the stones square, and perhaps to avoid alarming the good people of Port Said. The Turk who keeps the general shop of the place, and speaks a little French, acts as agent.

The more complete destruction of the city now contemplated is another matter. It is now proposed to build a small harbor for coasting steamers within the shallow, rocky, port of ancient times. To effect this, the great walls of the city, which still stand in the most perfect preservation, as if abandoned but yesterday by the martyred Bagnardino and his brave companions of 330 years ago, are to be utilized. That is to say, their materials are to be taken for the purpose of forming a new quay wall for the tramway to run upon, and connect the landing stage beyond the northern extremity of the city with the village of Varosha, which lies about a mile and a half to the south. From this latter a tramway to Nicosia is to be commenced.

It, indeed, seems a terrible evidence of poverty, both material and sentimental, that a country like Cyprus should be unable to afford to retain such a marvelous medieval monument as the old city of Famagusta, a possession which in the future must certainly attract the art-loving tourist and the artist. The beautiful old sea castle, associated with the story of Othello and Desdemona, with its four round towers, on which the lion of St. Mark still stands sentinel, with the proud inscription of the Foscarini, giving a date which seems almost incredible, considering the absolutely intact condition of the buildings, must be blasted away as ballast for a dock tramway by English engineers. The Tower of London might as well be demolished to make way for a new Thames side dock.—*London News.*

In the Footsteps of St. Patrick.

Whoever journeys in Ireland will make a St. Patrick pilgrimage whether he knows it or not, for the missionary saint has associated his name with spots in half the counties of old Erin. Here he blessed a field and it is fertile; there he baptized a host of converts and the river wells with gladness throughout the year; again he stopped to drink at some wayside well and its waters have healing in them still; there a church raises a stately spire on the spot where some miracle was witnessed.

A reminiscence, or a legend, lingers around the grotto where the tourist goes to try the echoes, and receives back a tone so silvery and sweet that it seems to carry a blessing to the careless wayfarer.

A day's journey by haunting car west of Queenstown a long arm of the Atlantic Ocean—Bantry Bay—forms a landlocked harbor. One emerald island lies far up toward the head almost in the shadow of the Killarney mountains. Some where behind those silvery peaks to the north nestle the lovely lakes.

On both sides of the bay tall cliffs climb to the fleecy clouds that recede in the transparent blue brightness. A gorge, widening to the deep, enchanted Valley of Glengariff, opens to the west. To this sunny glade the mists never creep up from the sea, and invalids bask in the healing sunshine.

Far away, on the other side of the bay, if you watch you may see the Kerry maids, sure-footed as chamois, climb the precipitous cliffs to where a stream of water gushes over a rocky ledge. A pent house is raised over the holy well, a crucifix rudely carved in the face of the cliff, bits of bright garments, paper flowers, and ends of candles are impaled on the whitethorns and laurel bushes near it.—*Eleanor Atkinson.*

Reservation.

"While it is true," replied the pale-face, "that I have made a compact with you, it was, mental reservation."

Here the untutored red man manifested bewilderment.

"Is that the next reservation I shall be compelled to live on?" he asked anxiously, his quavering voice betokening the depth of emotions.

Ah, such is destiny, to say nothing of the growing scarcity of pine timber.—*Detroit Journal.*

The Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

This Home was established by "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," in 1886, on a farm of 156 acres by the Hudson River, six miles below Poughkeepsie. It has been a comfort already to upwards of forty afflicted people. Friends have rallied around this Home so that it is entirely free from debt. It is intended to receive inmates eventually from the whole State of New York. People of this class have all been educated, but have broken down in the battle of life. Several of the inmates are deaf and dumb and blind.

On Sunday night, Feb. 18th, the main building and the wing recently added for the men, were destroyed by a sudden and dreadful fire. The inmates—fourteen women and eleven men—were bravely rescued, and are now comfortable in temporary quarters in Poughkeepsie.

In addition to the insurance, it will take \$20,000 to give our silent friends another Christian Refuge. They lost all their personal effects in the raging flames. We would make them glad again as far as possible. The Trustees of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes appeal for funds to build a new and better Home.

Donations may be sent to:—

The Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter, D. D., Bishop of New York, President ex-officio, 29 Lafayette Place.
Rev. Dr. E. H. Kraus, First Vice-President, 224 Cedar 1 Park West.
Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Second Vice-President, Station M.
Mr. A. L. Willis, Secretary, 8 Hampden St., Fordham Heights.
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Hon. John A. Nichols, 437 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. E. H. Currier, Station M, New York City.
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Mr. Z. F. Westervelt, Rochester, N. Y.
Mr. E. C. Rider, Malone, N. Y.
Rev. C. O. Dantzer, 11 Mason St., Rochester, N. Y.
Rev. H. Van Allen, Bath-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

Services in the Diocese of Albany

Until further notice the following arrangement of regular services in the Diocese of Albany, will be adhered to as closely as possible.

FIRST SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH.
10:30 A.M.—St. Paul's, Troy.
3:00 P.M.—St. Paul's, Albany.
SECOND SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH.
10:30 A.M.—St. Paul's, Tr. Y.
3:00 P.M.—St. George's, Schenectady.
FOURTH SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH.
10:30 A.M.—St. John's, Johnstown.
7:30 P.M.—St. Ann's, Amsterdam.

Services on other Sundays and week-days will be announced from time to time, as occasion may require.

The Rev. Mr. Van Allen may be addressed either at "Station C," Albany, N. Y., or Bath-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

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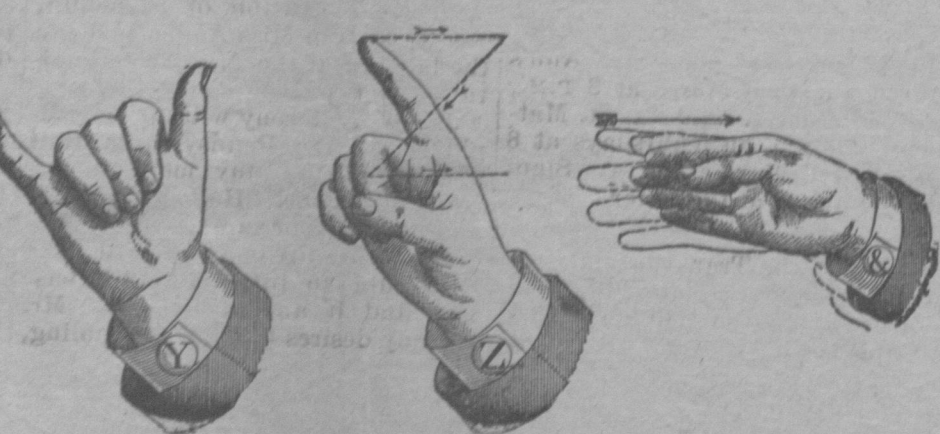
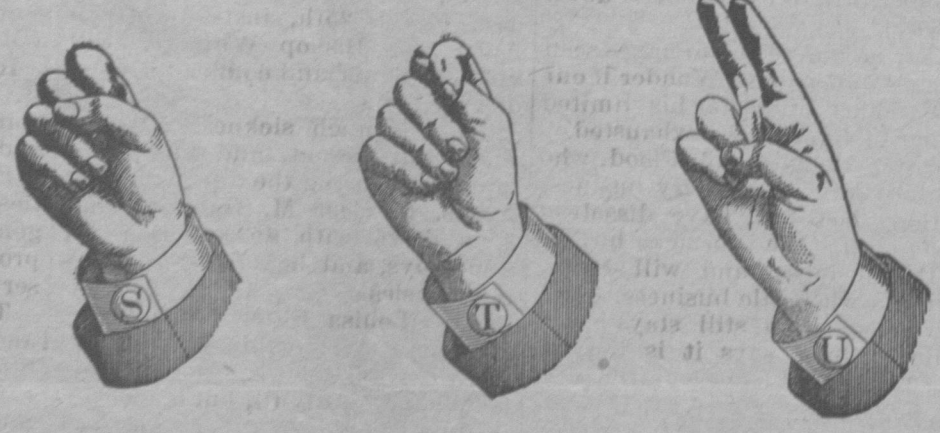
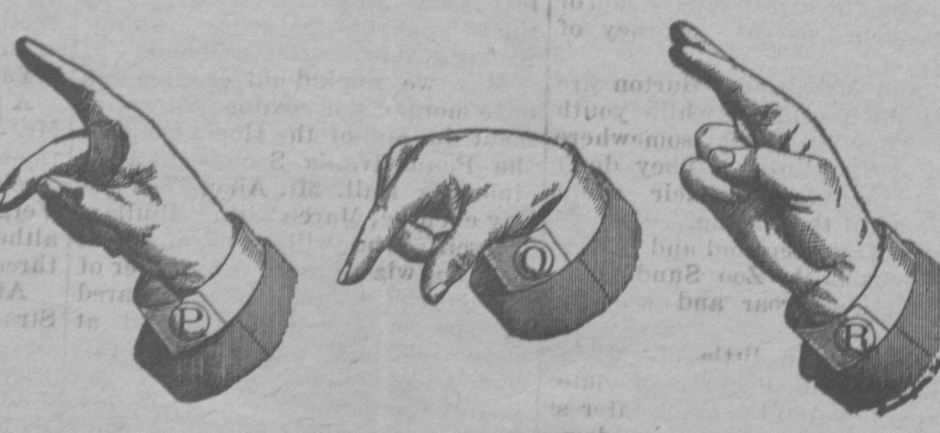
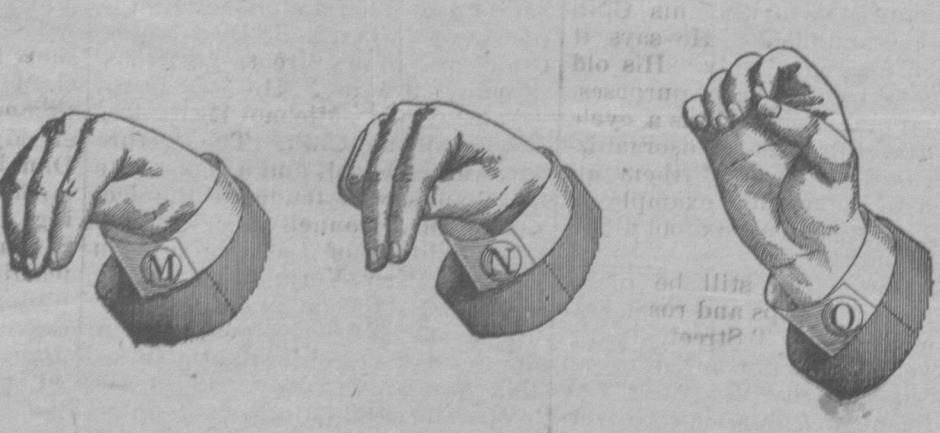
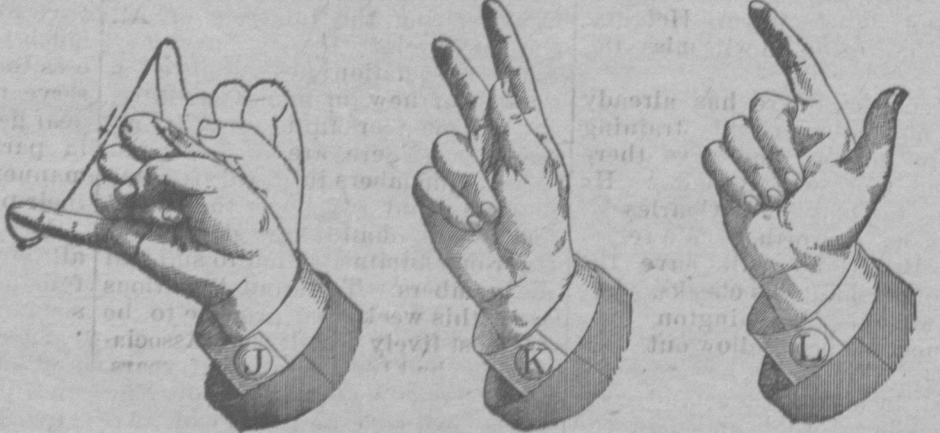
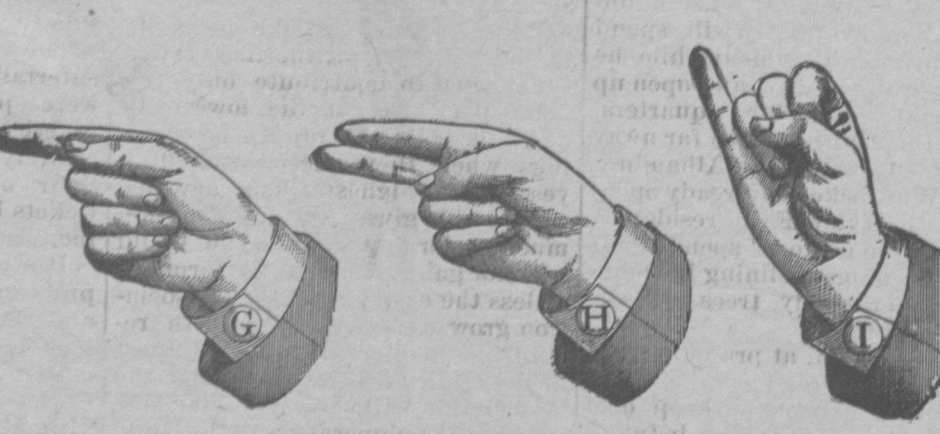
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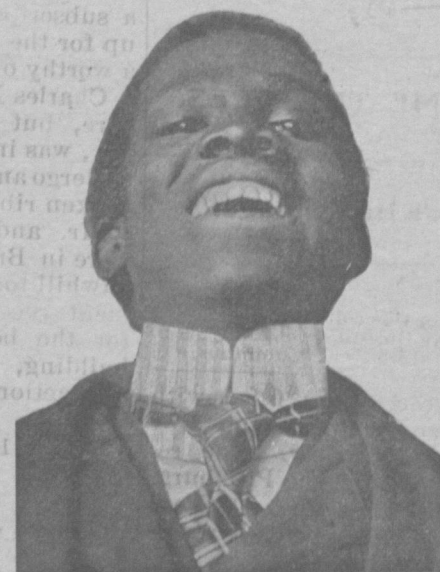
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Four Convention Souvenir Groups.

1. At Minnehaha Falls (Minneapolis). Delegates group on the steps. Though this group was taken in the rain at dark, it is nevertheless very good.
2. On the steamer "Tonka" on Lake Minnetonka. This picture makes the handsomest Souvenir of all.
3. In the Park at the Plenic; this is also a beautiful photograph and contains more faces than any except Capitol group.
4. On the steps at the west entrance to the State Capitol, St. Paul. This group contains all the delegates and every one should have a copy of it.

Copies of these will be shown in St. Paul by Mr. Spear, in Chicago by Mr. Wayman, in St. Louis by Mr. Schaub.

Were you at Buffalo?

Then send for the photographs of

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